

FACTS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

(From Informative Bits.)

PICKLED onions were introduced into England by the Crusaders.

The early Babylonians were unacquainted with the use of the telephone.

It is not generally known that by subtracting the number of wet days in a year from 365 you can ascertain approximately the number of fine days.

Motorists are said to enjoy more "fine days" than any other class of the community.

Fur is best removed from the inside of a kettle with a razor.

COLUMBUS discovered America towards the end of the Fifteenth Century, and was very properly punished by a long term of imprisonment.

There is no phrase in the Tibetan language which will exactly express the English term "Nonconformist Conscience."

No trace of any system of fire insurance has been discovered amongst the prehistoric relics of the cave-men.

It is not actually libellous to call a man a "newspaper interviewer." Before damages can be recovered it must be proved that the term was used maliciously.

In Spitzbergen frozen beer is sold by the yard, and *bonâ-fide* travellers always provide themselves with substantial beer walking-sticks to support themselves on the homeward journey.

Cabbage leaves are frequently used as umbrellas in the Solomon Isles.

Though it has often been pointed out that the Devil was the first Radical, yet many intelligent people are unaware that ADAM was the first Labour Leader.

Whilst England possesses 6,000 daily and weekly newspapers, still she has only 60 gaols. It is even more remarkable, if possible, to find that we have only 1,000 cemeteries for our 70,000 doctors to work in.

Blind people have frequently been

convicted of drunkenness, but none of our police courts has ever seen a deaf and dumb Passive Resister.

Fishmongers never advertise sales of old and soiled stock.

Nearly all the inhabitants of the Great Sahara are total abstainers.

MR. SILAS HOCKING has not written more than 1123 novels.

IN CORPORE SANO.

MR. PUNCH'S HEALTH YEAR-BOOK.

In his "Daily Health Diary" Mr. EUSTACE MILES includes advice such as "Fourteenth week—Improve your looks," "June 20—Be and look ready to start in any direction," "Spend half an hour a day wishing good health to every one." We append a few exercises which

we have personally found useful:—

Jan. 1. — Dress in bathing-suit and stand on L. foot in ice-cold bath; R. leg extended backwards, R. eye closed; spread the toes, place the tongue in L. cheek and try to imagine what a fool you must look.

Feb. 9. Relaxation Exercise.—Sit in arm-chair by large fire, holding a full-sized Havana cigar in both lips.

March 25. Quarter-Day.—Draw in breath. Stand with feet apart, and keep on reading unpaid bills until the skin acts freely. Finish with a brisk walk to Scotland without leaving your address.

May 30. ALFRED AUSTIN born, 1835.—Roll the eye-balls in opposite directions, keeping the face as straight as possible.

July 8. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN born, 1836. Gymnastics for the head.—Stand on chalk line on the floor and study the fiscal question. R. and L. brows knitted; collar and tie removed; work the brain freely.

Aug. 9. — Dress in new, well-cut suit and jingle fifteen to twenty sovereigns in right trousers pocket (five times). Repeat with left. Think of the people you have avoided paying. This exercise has a reassuring and exhilarating effect.

Oct. 21. Trafalgar Day.—Fill the lungs and ponder for ten minutes over Lord NELSON, patriotism, the Empire, hearts of oak and the playing fields of Eton. Expel the air violently. Throw out the front of the chest and glare.

Dec. 25. Christmas Day.—Eat a generous meal. Stand erect on the hearth-rug and mention the name of your favourite enemy, adding, "A thoroughly good chap; I like him."



Amelia Jane. "STOP CRYIN', DO! DON'T BE A BABY!"

The eating championship of the world is held by an Austrian baron, who devoured fourteen geese at a sitting.

MR. LABOUCHERE does not always write Truth.

When a guinea pig attempts to bite its tail it is suffering from hydrophobia.

NATURE IN MUFTI.—"The burglars were making good progress with the inner door when the detectives fell upon them like an avalanche in plain clothes." —*Evening News*.

THE LIBERAL SPLIT.

Miranda. "O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces."—*The Tempest*, Act. i., Sc. 2.

KEY TO ALLEGORY.

Antonio (Actual Duke) . . . Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
Prospero (Rightful Duke) . . . A. PRIMROSE, EARL OF ROSEBURY.
Miranda Almost any Unionist, disguised as a
Primrose Dame, in an Empire gown.

SCENE—Cornwall. Rocky coast.

WHEN Duke Antonio's ship in SHAKESPEARE'S play
Was by the Tempest's violence abused,
There followed, so the stage directions say,
"A noise within," deplorably "confused,"
And, much concerned at losing wife and kit,
The crew remarked, "We split, we split, we split!"

'Twas then Miranda, from her rocky cell
Observing what was going on at sea,
Said she would thank her sire to go and quell
The blizzard raised by his own devilry;
And, pleading softly like a plaintive dove,
Threw off the passage which appears above.

An Allegory. Lo! the Liberal craft—
Lately through halcyon seas we saw her plough;
Tried Admirals controlled her fore and aft,
Six at the helm and seven at the prow,
When suddenly, at Prosperosebery's word,
Out of the calm a hurricane occurred.

Banished to solitude beside the wave
(Land's End, or else the Lizard) he had donned
Magician's robes, and from his seaward cave,
For so the fancy took him, fetched his wand
And called the whirlwinds out, and cried "What ho!
Send me yon Liberal lugger down below!"

There was aboard her, when the good ship brake,
A brother who had occupied his shoes;
The hermit may have wished for old time's sake
To show that he could shock him, should he choose;
That is, no doubt, C.-B. Antonio's view,
Explaining why the thing was split in two.

And sad Miranda—who assumes her rôle?
It couldn't be *The Westminster Gazette*,
For though that organ, like an injured soul,
Regards the split with infinite regret,
Still, for a daughter pleading with Papa,
Its tone is much too much *de haut en bas*.

I would, myself, engage to speak the part,
In Empire costume, as a Primrose dame:—
"Sire, you have given our nerves a horrid start;
You mustn't, please, repeat that jumpy game;
Spare the poor crew whom we would gladly see
Snug in the haven where they want to be.

"O by the name of PRIMROSE, which we share
(And we have tastes in common, more than one),
Do not, ah do not, damage past repair
Our prospect of a little quiet fun;
Bring them to land, and speed with timely aid
Our hopes of Opposition long delayed!" O. S.

WE are glad to learn from *The Times* that a Pan-Polish Committee has been formed at Warsaw. This should brighten things up a little.

THE DREAM AND ITS INTERPRETATION.

[Showing how successfully Mr. Asche as "Nick Bottom" makes an Asche of himself at the Adelphi.]

MR. OTHO STUART has done a wise thing in anticipating Christmas entertainments by a revival of SHAKESPEARE'S exquisite fairy comedy, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, it is safe to predict, will find favour with all playgoers. It will come "as a boon and a blessing" to the puzzled parents and guardians who, during the holidays, are so anxious to give the young folks from school not only a real treat for their present delectation but one which, when they arrive at being *laudatores temporis acti*, will be to them ever memorable among their recollections of the stage.

Messrs. HICKS and HARKER, the scenic artists, have done excellent work for this production, *Carpenter Quince's* home at Athens being a cleverly contrived interior, and the Wood Scene as effective a "set" as has ever been placed on any stage. When one remembers the woodland pictures at other theatres that within the last few years have been recognised as gems of scene-painting, to place this one among them is to bestow upon it praise of a distinctly high character.

As the scenery in itself is an attraction contributing its share towards the achievement of general success, so too is the music under the direction of Mr. CHRISTOPHER WILSON, ably seconded by his assistant Mr. FERRARI. MENDELSSOHN'S overture begins at eight punctually, and everyone, delighting in this charming expression of the composer's fancy, should manage to be quietly seated a few minutes before that hour, in order to enjoy the delicious music that has now become part and parcel of *The Dream*. The orchestra is just a trifle too loud, but with this slight exception, a fault which it is probable ere now has been remedied, the instrumental music is admirably rendered throughout, as are the songs and choruses.

As the first "Singing Fairy" (*Oberon* and *Titania* apparently keep only three principal choristers, whose names do not appear in the Fairy Court Circular, where only their special qualifications as "first, second, and third, singing fairy" are recorded) Miss ELIZABETH PARKINA sang the familiar "*Over Hill, over Dale*" with great charm; and the ever popular duet, "*I know a bank*," was so well rendered by Miss PARKINA and the "Second" Fairy, Miss ETHEL JAMES, as to be enthusiastically redemanded.

A little later Fairy PARKINA joined with a spritely friend of hers, namely Miss PATTIE HORNSBY, the *Third Fairy*, in the well-known duet "*You Spotted Snakes*." Subsequently did this industrious and indefatigable vocalist, the Fairy PARKINA, sing the solo and lead the chorus in "*On the Ground*," written by Master CHRISTOPHER WILSON (the Musical Director who is "keeping up the CHRISTOPHER"), finishing with the Mendelssohnian "*Through the House*" which, with its chorus, gives so telling a termination to the dramatic Fairy Tale. So Miss PARKINA, *tout-à-fait La Fée*, having plenty to do and plenty to get, in the way of applause, does her spiriting well and gracefully.

And now for the "*Immortals*," "*Mortals*," and lastly "*The Clowns*," who are mentioned as some creation entirely apart.

Fairies first. Let us agree that the ordinary fairies should be as small as possible. They ought to be so tiny that the fur of mice would provide them with winter-coats, and that for any one of them an acorn-shell would be an ample hiding place. Granted. Well, such as these, any Act of Parliament or of the L. C. C. "all to the contrary notwithstanding," it is impossible to obtain. So we are treated to the smallest size procurable, and merry little elves they are, perfectly trained, thoroughly intelligent, and working with a will. The mortal Indian boy, the cause of the domestic squabble 'twixt *Oberon* and *Titania*, is a chubby little trot, rather smaller than the least of the fairies, who wins the hearts and "hands" of all beholders.

King *Oberon*, Mr. WALTER HAMPTON, towers above his subjects



ONLY WILLIAM'S WAY.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "WHAT A VERY UPPISH PERSON!"

MR. JOHN BULL. "OH, I SUPPOSE IT'S WHAT HE CALLS BEING 'CORRECT.'"

["In foreign policy the relations of the German Empire with all the Powers are correct, and with most Powers they are good and friendly."
The Kaiser's Speech at the Reichstag.—"The Times," Wednesday, November 29.]



Groom (whose master is fully occupied with unmanageable pair which has just run into rear of omnibus). "WELL, ANYWAY, IT WASN'T THE GUV'NOR'S FAULT."
 Bus Conductor. "NO—IT WAS YOUR FAULT, FOR LETTING 'IM DRIVE!"

by quite a couple of feet, but how otherwise could it have been, seeing that his jealous *Queen Titania* (sweetly represented, with delicate sense of humour, by Miss ROXY BARTON) reminds him of his *amours* with *Phyllida*, and straitly accuses him of conducting himself in a rather unfairylike manner towards "the bouncing Amazon" *Hippolyta* (amply represented by Miss CONSTANCE ROBERTSON), now about to become the bride of *Theseus*, who finds a stolidly dignified impersonator in Mr. ALFRED BRYDON. And no pigmy fairy could *Titania* have been, seeing that *Oberon* plainly accuses her of being a Fairy "with a past" in respect to this same redoubtable *Theseus*. So, as to size, we may consider the cast of the fairies so far satisfactory. Miss BEATRICE FERRAR is bright and lively as *Puck*, a character of which it is well-nigh impossible for anyone to give more than a fairly satisfactory impersonation.

As *Lysander* and *Demetrius*, Mr. H. R. HIGNETT and Mr. IAN PENNY are respectively deserving of much praise. Miss FRANCES DILLON is a comparatively quiet *Hermia* until aroused, when a tiger cat is not in it with her. This situation, the quarrel, a regular low vulgar slum-alley row between two young ladies, is one of the most telling in the piece. I do not ever remember having seen its force so strongly brought out as it is by Miss DILLON as *Hermia* and Miss LILY BRAYTON as *Helena*. Miss BRAYTON, looking so pretty and speaking so distinctly, does all that possibly can be done with the part.

Mr. CALEB PORTER bears himself well, not a very heavy burden, as *Old Egeus*, father of *Hermia*, who, it seems, held some official position at the rather meagrely attended court of *Theseus*, Duke of Athens.

And the mention of "the" court brings me in due course to "The Clowns." Mr. LYALL SWETE, to whom the character of *Peter Quince* is no novelty, resumed his old part to the evident satisfaction of the audience. Messrs. CHARLES ROCK, KAY SOUPER, and H. KITTS, individualised *Snug*, *Flute*, and *Snout* with considerable humour. Why *Starveling*, Mr. HERBERT GRIMWOOD, should be represented as stone-deaf, puzzles me. Is it an old stage tradition? If so it is a stupid one, and when overdone, as it is here, the business becomes tedious. Where is the authority for it in the original text?

As for the *Nick Bottom* of Mr. OSCAR ASCHE it is most artistic. His thorough enjoyment of his own importance, his assumption of superiority, his airs of condescension, his overweening conceit, as a theatrical amateur, evidenced in his thrusting himself forward to show his companions how every part ought to be played, are all phases of character perfectly true to nature, and not in the least overcharged in representation. Then his nervousness before the ducal audience, and, on its gradually wearing itself out, his vulgar familiarity with *Duke Theseus* and *Duchess Hippolyta*, are admirable. His utter absence of humour and his evident air of crediting himself with being an exceptionally entertaining personage, are finely brought out by Mr. OSCAR ASCHE. In that most difficult scene where he has to wear the pantomimic head of a donkey he is excellent, and to his signal success Miss BARTON's *Titania*, so madly in love with this utter ass, artistically contributes.

The management may be heartily congratulated on the production, and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE ought to have no reason for regretting it as an Oscar rash venture.

NATURE STUDIES.

THE LODGING-HOUSE "GENERAL."

I MADE her acquaintance in lodgings at Brighton, where she did all that was to be done in the house. She was very hard-working, and had, so far as I could judge, no repose, either in the limited sense of manner or in the general sense of taking rest. The staircase, the rooms and the passages resounded with her labour. If you can imagine a substantially embodied hurricane clattering up-stairs with a breakfast-tray in its hands, bursting with violence through a door, exclaiming "I done it quick that time," and then panting itself out as it arranged cups and dishes and the rest on the table, you will have some faint idea of the methods practised by this indomitable girl. Nothing ever pierced through the armour of her good nature. Once when, having all but reached the landing with her tray, she made a false step and rolled, like the shameless stone of Sisyphus, to the bottom, she rose from the welter of tea and buttered toast and poached eggs with a pleasant smile, remarked that she'd been bumped a lot worse than that many a time afore, and immediately began her cheerful preparations for restoring the feast. I cannot say that her immunity from hurt much surprised me, for her figure was one that nature seemed by way of precaution to have encased in oak and triple brass, over which her print dress fitted with a wonderful rigidity. Her slippers were down at heel, and the noise they made as she hurled herself across a room reminded her, she often said, of scaring rooks with a clapper—for she had originally come from a farm, and still had in her bearing something of the amiable ungainliness of the cows with whom her early days had been passed.

To my mother, who was with me on this visit, she took a great fancy. She would burst in upon her at odd times (always with a tray), and relate to her in a hoarse whisper many stirring incidents of her family history. One of these conversations I overheard: "I wonder," began CONSTANCE, for that was her name, "I wonder 'ow long I shall stay 'ere. There's only me, yer see—nobody to talk to—lor, it is dull—yer see there's nobody to call young in this 'ouse—my! it is quiet. There was three where I was afore, and we was company for each other. I was in the kitchen there. I can't get on with the stairs 'ere; soon shan't be able to get my boots on for going out—my feet do swell so. You never 'eard o' my brother GEORGE, I s'pose? Ah, 'e was a good un; 'e'd got a look o' your son, but bigger in the moustache and bolder lookin', and my brother was clever; 'e could write poetry, 'e could, but 'e's dead now. I've brought 'is likeness to show you—that's 'is younglydy beside 'im—and 'ere's the bit o' poetry 'e wrote when my brother JACK died; they're beautiful, the verses are. Mother 'ad 'em printed orf, and I'll give you the copy 'cos you're kind." These were the verses, in which I keep the punctuation of the original:—

In memory of my brother dear,
These few lines I have composed:
He is not dead in our memory here,
Although this life is closed.

It was on board a barquentine,
Ann Humphreys was her name,
JOHN HARRISON sailed from Limerick,
His living for to gain.

It was on the nineteenth day of March,
They encountered a stiffish breeze;
He got wet through, then caught a cold,
Which never did him leave.

It was on the nineteenth day of April,
He came home too ill to work;
He came home to a mother's care,
Where he could breath his native air.

It was on the nineteenth day of August,
Just five months from the start,
Our dear lad died a happy death,
Although 'twas sad for us to part.

Dear friends, this seems a singular thing,
Each day of these months should be nineteen;
But wait, there's one more for this page,
For he was nineteen years of age.

Friends? why yes, I should think he had
For he found them on every hand;
They did their best for this poor lad,
Before he left his native land.

But still we know that he is better off,
Although a vacant place at home
Can ne'er be filled upon this earth,
For God has called him for his own.

"Ah," continued the girl, when my mother had finished reading these lines, "I can see you like 'em. We all think 'em beautiful. I went to the cemetery last Sunday with some flowers for 'is grave."

"Where is he buried?" asked my mother.

"What, GEORGE? Why atop o' JACK," and with that she hurtled out of the room.

BE IN TIME.

(Some Seasonable Warnings.)

THE Postmaster-General issued last week his usual despairing instructions to the public to post early for Christmas, to tie up parcels securely, to make sure postage is fully prepaid, to address letters clearly, to obtain ample supplies of stamps, to see that envelopes fit the stamps, and so on. There is nothing like being in good time, and Christmas gets earlier every year. The present-giving, card-despatching and holiday season now begins at the end of November, and we shall soon have it in mid-autumn. Mr. Punch, therefore, implores his readers to start at once out of town so as to avoid the rush three weeks later, to take care to buy their tickets and see that their luggage is correctly labelled, to provide themselves with sufficient money for a prolonged stay in the country or at Monte Carlo (say), and not to come back till the coast is clear.

All Christmas annuals should long before now be back numbers and relegated to the nursery or foreign parts, with the exception, of course, of a certain indispensable Illustrated Almanack which will retain its freshness till its successor arrives, and after.

"He gives twice who gives early" should be the motto for purchasers of presents. Select and distribute, therefore, your *étrennes* without further delay, and there will then be ample time for their pleased recipients to pass them on three or four times over before Dec. 25th. Those who wait till the last moment and buy late will also, in accordance with the proverb, pay twice as much for being in a hurry.

Get your Christmas and New Year's Greetings over and done with as early as possible this week. This will show that you are alive to the situation and know how to avoid banalities on the dates in question.

If you are the Waits, amateur or professional, stop doing it At Once, and give up the practice altogether.

If you expect Christmas boxes of any kind, be sure to ask for them Now. This is a trying experience for all parties, and should not be allowed, through undue delay, to mar the season's festivities.

The observance of these simple precautions will enable the public to spend a quiet and unjostled holiday, and to attend to the turkey, the plum pudding and the pantomime in a proper frame of mind.



PRO BONO PUBLICO.

Master (exasperated by lady who has been over-riding hounds all day). "WILL NONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TAKE THAT YOUNG LADY AWAY AND MARRY HER?"

THE ECONOMISTS; OR, 'WARE WIRE.

ANOTHER EXERCISE IN THE NEW
ADVERTISING.

The following telegrams have been exchanged between the Manager of *The Banner Circulating Library* for Book-shovers and U. B. D., Bungay, an inquirer "in a desperate hurry for books."

MESSAGE. No. 1.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
Contemplate joining Book-shovers.
Desperate hurry for books. Wire
how long to wait and terms.
FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
No waiting. Can join at once.
You pay £2 5s. a year and get
Banner and two books a day
shoved at you. Book-shovers
two words. I had to pay half-
penny extra on your message.
Please be careful.

FROM { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.

MESSAGE. No. 2.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
Not my fault about Book-
shovers. Fault of telegraph
operator. Get halfpenny back
from G.P.O. Suppose I don't
want *Banner*. What then? Reply
instantly.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have it. No escape. You
need not read it. Read books
and throw away paper.

FROM { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.

MESSAGE. No. 3.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
How much two books per
minute? Am very quick reader.
Cannot you make reduction if I
don't want *Banner*? Very
annoying to have paper one
does not want.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Must have paper. Please take
word for it. Telegraphing
becoming very costly. Can have
two books per minute by paying
£50 a year extra. Better read
pamphlet before telegraphing
again.

FROM { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.

MESSAGE. No. 4.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
Have not pamphlet. Please send
one by special train. Must have
books at once. Send sample
novels by same train. £50 too
much. You did not reply to
question about reduction for
rejecting *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Am despatching pamphlet. Cannot
send novels until you pay
subscription. Must charge you
for telegrams unless you stop
soon.

FROM { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.

MESSAGE. No. 5.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
Pamphlet incomplete. Two pages
missing. Please send another by
special train.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

ANSWER.

TO { U. B. D., Bungay.
Sorry for mistake. Am sending
complete pamphlet by special
train. Read attentively. Full of
advantages.

FROM { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.

MESSAGE. No. 6.

TO { Manager, *Banner Book-shoving Department*.
Have read pamphlet. Shall not
join. Should never know what
to do with *Banner*.

FROM { U. B. D., Bungay.

NO REPLY.

MORE ENTENTE.

I.—NORWAY AND "THE TIMES."

A NORWEGIAN ship-owning firm is so enchanted by the tone of *The Times* articles on the formation of the new kingdom of Norway that it has asked permission to name one of its new vessels *The Times*, to which the powers of Printing House Square have graciously consented, on condition that the ship is never allowed to approach nearer than ten knots to the Maelstrom.

That, however, is not all. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to be the sole ballast employed; all the officers and crew are to subscribe to *The Times* library; and as a compliment to *The Times* staff various important parts of the vessel are to be named after the principal writers on the paper. The following is a list of some of the new names that have been decided upon:—

The Compass	{ is to be }	The Buckle.
	{ called }	
The Rudder	"	The Bell.
The Steward	"	The Walter.
The Foghorn	"	The Wynnard
		Hooper.
The Companion	"	The Supple-
		ment.
The Scuppers	"	The Cappers.
The Windlass	"	The Wallace.
The Anchor	"	The Amery.
The Binnacle	"	The Hum-
		phry Ward.
The Siren	"	The Maitland.
The Lifeboat	"	The Stars and
		Stripes.

Furthermore every A.B. on this vessel will be known as A.B.W.

II.—NEWFOUNDLAND AND "THE DAILY MAIL."

In connexion with recent political events which have led to the internal development of this interesting island, the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has received a signal compliment conveyed in the following letter from the Governor of Newfoundland:—

"During the negotiations which preceded the conclusion of the Anglo-French agreement, it has been a great comfort and satisfaction to us all to note the appreciation, sympathy, and support with which our case has been met in the columns of your highly esteemed and altogether coruscating journal. As the result of an unanimous *plébiscite* of the entire population, I am empowered to inform you that it is the intention of the Colony to rename all the principal towns, capes, &c., in your honour. The details are not all decided, but I may mention that it is practically settled to rename St. John's St. Alfred's, while Capes Bauld, Ray, and Race, will henceforth be known as Capes Harold, Hildebrand, and Cecil. The Annieopsquoth



[Japanese wrestling is now being taught in the night-schools all over the kingdom.]

Mistress. "MAY I ASK WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS DISGRACEFUL BEHAVIOUR?"

New Buttons. "THE BUTLER AND ME, MUM, 'AD A LITTLE DIFFERENCE OF OPINION, MUM. SO I GIVE 'IM A LITTLE 'JOO-JITSOO,' MUM!"

Mountains, hitherto sadly handicapped by their cacophonous title, will, it is confidently believed, take a new and more commanding position under the impressive cognomen of the Carmelite Rockies, and the Blownedown Mountains have been felicitously rechristened Begbie's Beacons. A slight *contretemps* has arisen owing to the fact that seventeen different towns have all clamoured for the honour of being renamed Answersville, but it is hoped that this difficulty may be arranged by the process of drawing lots amongst the eighty-three newspapers conducted under your management. But before going any further, we make free to ask your kind sanction to use the name of your revered family to replace that by which the island is at present known. 'Harmsworthland,' in the opinion of every thinking man, is at once a more concise, heroic and tasty appellation than that under which we now labour; and we foresee a time when no newspaper office in Great Britain will be complete without a Harmsworthland dog."

In reply the Editor of *The Daily Mail* has assured the Governor that he was honoured by the proposal, and gladly accorded whatever sanction might be in his power.

III.—QUEENSLAND AND "THE SPECTATOR."

Great exultation prevails at No. 1, Wellington Street, Strand, in consequence of the extremely gratifying cablegram recently received by the Editor from the Premier of Queensland. The message was as follows:—"Nothing has given greater comfort during prolonged drought than your matchless animal stories. Leading local millionaire offers to endow Professorship of Supernatural History at Never Never University, on condition it is called *The Spectator* Professorship, and that the holder shall be (1) an efficient member of rifle club, (2) Free trader. Shall be glad to hear whether you approve proposal." The Editor, we learn, has despatched a reply in the following terms:—"Delighted by generous and tactful compliment. By this simultaneous insistence on the paramount importance of free trade, the rifle, and the long-bow, another nail has been driven into the coffin of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's sinister proposals."

GIANTS AND GENII.—"Twenty Artistes and fifty other huge items."—(Extract from bill of touring company exhibited in Taunton.)

HORACE (NOT HUTCHINSON) ON THE LINKS.

The swishing drive which lands you clean

Upon the stretch of turf between
The distant bunker and the green;

The coy approach which deftly hops
Into the atmosphere and stops
A yard or two from where it drops;

The putt along the well-trimmed lea
That consummates a perfect three—
Such things are good enough for me.

Give me a foe whose constant aim
Throughout the round is much the same
As mine—to win a sporting game;

Yet let him be, upon the whole,
A mild, unadjectival soul,
A monument of self control.

Give me a caddie disinclined
To fall unduly far behind
And sport with others of his kind.

Then, if the morning chance to wear
A countenance serene and fair,
With just a sparkle in the air,

I crave of Fate no more; for when
She smiles upon me thus, why, then
I am at peace with gods and men.



QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

Motorist. "WHAT! EXCEEDING THE LEGAL LIMIT? DO WE LOOK AS IF WE WOULD DO SUCH A THING?"

THE AUTHOR'S DOOM.

[In an interview in *La Liberté* M. GEORGES OUSSET complains that conditions have not changed in favour of the novelist since he began his career. These lines indicate the general tenor of his lament.]

TIME was when my works were awaited
With eager expectant delight;
'Twas woman's whole duty to rave of the beauty
Of all that I happened to write.
They read me with ardour unbated,
Old frumps and delectable girls,
The middle-class maiden, the dowager laden
With adipose tissue and pearls.
The publishers' they swarmed,
They filled each thronging room;
In bookshops, too, one found a crew
Of ladies who fought all they knew;
The libraries they stormed,
Regardless of their doom,
By hook or crook to get my book—
In short, it was a boom.

But, ladies, I've passed out of fashion
With dodos and Latin and Greek;
Your reading consists of short snippets and lists of
The notable books of the week;
Rough games are your dominant passion,
And every sweet hour when you're free
From the Club or the City or Suffrage Committee
Is given to sport—not to me.

Across the links you stride
In rugged Harris tweed,
You swim, you float, you yacht and boat,
You love to mope in great fur coat,

*Mazeppa-like you ride
To hounds at break-neck speed;
There's one thing you refuse to do—
You never, never read.*

Nay, that's not the worst of the story;
Not only on publishers' shelves
Am I left forsaken, but, ladies, you've taken
To writing your fiction yourselves.
Each JANE has a perfect *furor*
For scribbling long reams of MS.,
And I don't know a FANNY, a KATE, or an ANNIE
Who isn't just going to press.
But all your toil is vain,
And woe will soon begin,
Your meal will fly, your cruse be dry,
When none come nigh your wares to buy;
Soon each must needs obtain
Her neighbour's book to win
Her daily steak, like those who take
Each other's washing in.

If we may believe *The Daily Mail's* headlines,—
"C.-B." SPEAKS,
BUT SAYS NOTHING.

How seldom our statesmen lay their entire innermost
thoughts before us in this frank and outspoken manner!

We glean the following advice from *The Farmer and Stockbreeder*: "There is great value in an occasional cup of hot water. Take it before retiring for insomnia." But why retire for insomnia? Why not go to sleep?



THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

[Dedicated to Lord R-B-B-Y.]



IN THE NEAR EDUCATIONAL FUTURE.



"If you please, mother's got a slight inflammation of the pericardium. Can you give her a pennyworth of something to lower the action of the heart?"



"I stole 'em? Well, the *onus probandi* lies with you!"



"Not black beetles, Mum. Cockroaches. I can tell by the membranous character of the anterior wings."



"Permit me to remind you this isn't a plaice, Mum. It's a halibut, *Hippoglossus vulgaris*. Belongs to the *Pleuronectidae* family. Only eightpence per pound."



"Yes, there was a lot of soot, Mum. I expect it was largely due to the bituminous character of the coal. You see it contains about eighty-eight per cent. of carbon."



"I should say, Mamma, from the occipital shape of baby's head, that the cerebellum is over-developed, and he rather exhibits neurotic tendencies."



"What's he done? Why, he's been and punched me in the intercostal region, and also caused an abrasion of my fibula!"

The New 'District' Developer.

WHY go to the expense of buying
A HERCULES EXERCISER
when you can strain every muscle in your body
BY STRAPHANGING
every morning, all the way from Ealing to the City,
without any extra charge whatever.

"ONE great advantage of the 'Arrow' buses," said the old lady, "is that you can always tell in which direction they're going by the way the arrow points."

"BUILDING-GROUND at end of electric tramcar; fine, healthy locality."—Advt. in "*The Belfast News Letter*."

A good idea for the L.C.C. Why not let out the spare spaces on their steamers in this way?

THE "HOW TO" PAPERS.

No. III.—HOW TO FURNISH A BEDROOM.

LET us suppose that your room is constructed with four walls, one floor, one ceiling, one door, one window, and one fireplace. A word about each of these.

Walls.—It is customary to have pieces of paper stuck on to the walls of a room. This is done by means of a substance called paste. You first buy enough paper for the purpose and then call in a tradesman known as a paper-hanger and say to him, "Hang this paper." You need only say it once, unless you decide to stick the paper on yourself, in which case you will say it more frequently.

Floor.—This is the part of the room you will walk on. In order to save wear of the wood of which it is made, you must cover it with a carpet. Carpets may be bought either at Wilton (near Salisbury), in Turkey, in Brussels, or in Pile. Pile is not shown on the maps.

Ceiling.—It is not necessary to carpet the ceiling. The flies prefer it white-washed.

Door.—A structure of wood made to open either outwards or inwards. Make up your mind whether you wish to enter your room or to leave it more frequently, and have the door hung accordingly.

Window.—A more inconvenient means of entrance or egress than the last, but preferred by burglars. "Window," like "orange," has no known rhyme in the English language, but there the resemblance ceases.

Fireplace.—This, as its name implies, is the place for a fire, but it may also be used as a fernery.

The most expensive article of furniture in a properly equipped bedroom is the bed, because it has to be made every day. It is usually made of wood or iron and, where thorough efficiency is required, it might be as well to keep a carpenter or a blacksmith on the premises to attend to the matter. The spread of technical education, however, has made it possible sometimes to find a housemaid who knows how to make a bed. A bed is intended to sleep in, and is generally considered the most suitable article manufactured for that purpose, although a well-cushioned pew is held by some to be an efficient substitute. It is not recommended, however, that a bedroom should be furnished with a pew. Where economy is a desideratum a water bed (not to be confounded with the bed of the ocean) might perhaps serve the purpose. These are recommended by the faculty, and are used by invalids. Where the water-rate is low this idea is worth consideration. Some doctors also recommend *hop pillows*. This recommendation is apt to be misunderstood and consequently resented.

Clothes are usually kept in a bedroom, and it would be obviously inconvenient to have them in a heap upon the floor, which is intended for other purposes. Nor is the ceiling available, for reasons connected with the law of gravity discovered by Sir ISAAC NEWTON. The ingenuity of ages has therefore brought to perfection various receptacles, of which the best known are the wardrobe and the chest of drawers. It would be an impertinence to describe either of these pieces of furniture, and impertinence is no part of the design of these papers.

We now turn to the washstand. To obviate the necessity of performing the customary matutinal ablutions under a tap in the kitchen or the stable-yard, it occurred to some ingenious inventor in bygone years to provide a basin and ewer in the sleeping-chamber itself. The ewer is filled with water at stated intervals, and from it the basin can be charged with a supply sufficient for all practical purposes. The corollary idea of elevating both basin and ewer to a convenient height soon brought about the discovery of the washstand as we know it to-day, the whole process being a remarkable instance of the evolution of ideas. It does not seem to be necessary to say anything more about the washstand.

The question of the dressing-table is a more complicated one, but it is useless to try and burke it. Hairpins, we suppose, must be kept somewhere, and the same may be said of silver-topped scent bottles. Then why not on a dressing-table? The problem, if problem there be, thus simply stated, solves itself. Upon the dressing-table, sometimes a component part of it, stands a looking-glass for the purpose of reflecting the form and features of him or her who uses it. A lady's dressing-table is usually provided with two small drawers, in one of which she may keep her watch and her fringe-nets and in the other her purse. When pockets again come into fashion the second drawer will become less necessary.

Every bedroom should contain a chair or two. It is well to be provided against all contingencies, and it may very well happen that the occupier of the bedroom at some time or another may wish to sit down. He or she would then be in a very awkward predicament if these useful articles of furniture had been left out of account when the room was being furnished.

We have said nothing about the decoration of the bedroom, and intend to say nothing. This may be left entirely to the preference of the occupier. If your tastes run in the direction of plush brackets and peacocks' feathers, by all means have them. If not, leave them

out of your scheme of decoration. It is your room, and nobody else has the slightest right to criticise. We speak strongly on this subject because we feel strongly. More harm is done by ill-considered advice than is generally supposed. We, for our part, know where to stop, and we stop here.

THE DARING DAMSEL.

["Young ladies are the only people nowadays who have the courage of their opinions, and all the daring books are written by feminine pens."
—Lady Violet Greville.]

NOWADAYS, where can you find
Men who dare to speak their mind?
Only ladies who are young
Have a quick, courageous tongue.

Who, amongst the modern men,
Wields a ready, fearless pen?
Only maids of seventeen
Dare to scribble what they mean.

Literary maidens write
Daringly, with all their might,
And, presumably, intend
That our hair shall stand on end.

I have often thought of them,
Sitting down at nine A.M.,
And endeavouring to shock
Somebody, till one o'clock.

I can almost hear them laugh,
As they pen a paragraph
Full of wicked little bits
Guaranteed to give us fits.

Maidens, I believe you make
An excusable mistake.
You are very young and so
Cannot be supposed to know.

But the things that seem to you
Daring are not very new,
For the newest, I believe,
Is about as old as Eve.

If you ever make our eyes
Bulge a little with surprise,
It is when you illustrate
Maiden English up-to-date.

You unquestionably can
Startle the grammarian
In a way that puts to shame
Any man that I could name.

You accept no aged rules
From academies and schools.
Fearlessly you stand alone,
With a grammar of your own.

THERE was a young lady of Condoval
Whose husband had ceased to be fond
of her:
He couldn't forget
That he'd loved a brunette:—
And peroxide had since made a blonde
of her.



ONE MAN ONE MONUMENT.—NO. 5.

Further Designs for Statues of Private Individuals who, but for the enterprise of *The Times* in inaugurating a "Hall of Heroes" in connection with its Book Club Scheme, might easily have escaped national recognition.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are in a position to state definitely the truth about Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and Home Rule. It is unfair to Sir HENRY to assert that he is an out-and-out Home Ruler. The matter depends entirely upon the size of his majority at the General Election. It is quite possible that this majority may be large enough to enable him to scout the idea. Sir HENRY hopes that the last may now be heard of a discussion which was not of his own choosing, and is distasteful to him.

The CZAR, it is stated, in view of the general situation, has decided to cancel all State ceremonies—including a great popular demonstration on the anniversary of his accession.

The Powers have taken charge of some of the SULTAN's customs. We know of another monarch whose manners need overhauling. The SULTAN might drop his friend a hint.

According to an official return, there are 330 men and women in Bulgaria who are between the ages of 100 and 110. Their longevity is attributed to their good teeth and excellent digestion, and to their not being monarchs of a neighbouring State.

"Electric cars," it is announced, "will begin running from West Green to the Alexandra Palace on December 6." We are not told by what date the course is to be finished.

The Local Government Board has refused to allow the expenses incurred by the Urban Council of Clacton in telegraphing weather reports to the Press. In consequence, unless other arrangements are made, Clacton will have no weather in the future.

The London County Council, we hear, are now prepared, during the winter months, to let out some of their steamboats to private persons, at a moderate charge, for picnics, water-frolics, &c.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to make an experiment which will be watched with great interest. He has determined to do without the formal announcement by the mace-bearer at the council meetings that "The Worshipful the Mayor of ISLINGTON is about to

take his seat." The idea of dispensing with this formality is, we believe, an American one. We say this without any wish to detract from the Mayor of ISLINGTON's pluck.

The Mayor of ISLINGTON has also proposed that the various Borough Councils shall have a central intelligence exchange. The difficulty here would be that some of the Borough Councils might have nothing to offer.

Lord STANLEY has now stated that postmen are not blood-suckers, and has thus deprived bus-drivers of a great advantage in the discussion which ensues

National Dog Show at Birmingham was the sole survivor of the dogs attached to the Ziegler Arctic Expedition. He was surrounded all day by a number of other dogs who listened to his yarns and politely pretended to believe them.

Owing to the comparative failure of the sardine fisheries, thousands of sprats are being pressed into the service of foreign sardine merchants, but, if we are to believe a story which reaches us, class feeling survives death. Our correspondent declares that, on opening a tin last week, he found, on the top of a number of sprats, a family of six sardines, huddled together for social warmth.

"May I ask what becomes of all the waste food of the hotels, clubs, restaurants, &c.?" asks a gentleman who writes to *The Daily Mail*. The naïveté of some persons is astounding. Has this correspondent never heard of Curried Mutton?

Considerable indignation was apparent in the omnibus world last Thursday, when it became known that Sir EDWARD ELGAR, lecturing at Birmingham University as Professor of Music, had been speaking against English Conductors.

What is this we read? We knew that only scanty clothing was required for certain sports, but we were not prepared for the following development of the idea. "Fifteen hundred men," states *The Express*, "are now engaged in fitting up Olympia for the Winter Sports Club, and they are working in day and night shifts." The Simple Life again, we suppose.

Sir WILLIAM BROADBENT has denounced the use of india-rubber "comforters" for babies. We were under the impression that they had been discarded long ago in favour of cigarettes.

Sensationalism in the Evening Press.

ACCORDING to *The Westminster Gazette*, "the army of tourists among whose recollections of Switzerland the old Rhine bridge at Basle is not the least interesting or picturesque feature of the somewhat dull patrician town, must now be numbered with the things that are no more." We are happy to be able to state that this is an exaggeration of the facts: quite a number of survivors have since turned up.



after a collision between an omnibus and a mail-cart.

"Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER," it is announced, "was quietly married on November 25." Are we to understand that most actresses are noisily married?

A bomb-shell has fallen in the ranks of the young ladies who are engaged to Militia and Yeomanry officers. "The period of attachment for officers of Militia and Imperial Yeomanry who are candidates for commissions in the Regular Army has been reduced from four to two months," says an Army Order.

The most interesting exhibit at the

MAIL-CART DIALOGUE.

III.

"HADN'T you better give that to me, dearie?" remarked Twoyears, in a tone of indulgent patronage, as, leaning suddenly forward, he endeavoured to wrest a woolly sheep from the grasp of the recumbent infant.

The baby frowned but tightened its grip too late, as with a sudden jerk the toy changed hands, leaving only a few fleecy shreds in its owner's dimpled fist. The bare branches of Kensington Gardens moved slowly by overhead as the mail-cart passed beneath them, and from Nurse's end of it came sounds of vivacious repartee and the clank of spurs.

"That's my sheep, and you know it," exclaimed the baby, dropping its lip.

"Yes, my pet," returned the other coolly. "I'm only keeping it for you till you are old enough to appreciate it, as Mummy does with my birthday presents. It is a sheep, as you say, but I very much doubt if you recognise its connection with nursery dinner."

"Ah well," replied the baby, "I'm going to have some jam to-night anyhow, in a spoon."

"Are you, though?" said the other with a lofty smile; "poor little kid!"

"Why—you always told me jam was nice."

"Yes, but there's jam and jam," replied Twoyears; "there's the kind that grown-up people have on their plates and refuse to part with, and the kind they bring you in a teaspoon at night which always leaves you under the impression that you have made a fatal mistake in swallowing it."

"Very well then, I sha'n't take it."

"Oh, won't you? You're as helpless in the matter as I am when they put me in the bath first to see if the water is too hot for you."

"It's a remarkably good test, I notice," retorted the baby with a smile.

"It's a most unjust proceeding!" replied the other hotly, "and you'll find I shall kick at it one of these days."

"But you do that every night," anigged the baby; "and, by the way, you haven't got a pair of legs like I have. You should hear the ladies go into raptures over mine when I'm taken down on Mummy's 'At Home' day."

"Why, bless your little heart!" sneered Twoyears. "It's not your legs they're interested in really, it's the kind of stuff your petticoats are made of. One of my earliest recollections is of old

mark my words! and though I did 'hot pies' repeatedly with both hands, it failed to amuse her."

"I don't wonder; you're getting a bit above yourself over that 'hot pies' business; but it's no good to you as an exercise—you can take it from me. 'Hot pies' will never fit you for the battle of life, or enable you to drop the cat in the water-jug as I did yesterday."

"Possibly not, but I am by no means so helpless as you imagine. Have you noticed Daddy's nose, for instance?"

"Yes, I saw it was badly barked," but thought he'd been knocking it against the table leg by mistake, like I do sometimes."

"No," announced the infant triumphantly, "that was me. Yesterday Mummy took me into the library to show Daddy my new bonnet. It was after lunch, and he was lying on the sofa playing tigers with his eyes shut. When Mummy said, 'Wake Daddy up,' it was my intention to open his eyes with the silver rattle I had in my hand, but somehow I missed my aim and brought it down on his nose instead."

"What happened?" said Twoyears.

"He woke, and began to talk in such a lively manner that Mummy took me out of the room."

"I daresay you hurt him," remarked Twoyears, "they are always sensitive over trifles like that. But hullo! don't look over the way, whatever you do—there are the next-door children and their nurse, and Mummy doesn't wish us to know them."

"Well, our Mr. ATKINS has gone across to walk with them, anyhow," said the baby.

"In that case," said Twoyears apprehensively, "look out for squalls! Doesn't NAN-NA look angry? You can see her better than I can."

"No," said the baby, "she's smiling at something in front."

Twoyears peered forward, then sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Saved!" he said. "It's a policeman!"



Mr. O'Rourke (who has been quarrelling with a Visitor). "NOW, REMEMBER, JANE, THE NEXT TIME YOU LET THAT MAN IN YOU'RE TO SHUT THE DOOR IN HIS FACE!"

Grannie shedding a tear in private over the lace edging on my petticoat because it was imitation torchon, and she said she little thought to see a child belonging to her come to such beggary. That was before we made our money."

"Ah, she's altered her tone since then, for only last week she was examining my clothing on the quiet, and when she came to some garment or other (about the thirteenth in order of putting on) I heard her say to herself, 'Real Mechlin! There'll be a smash presently,

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE appearance of the *Memoirs of Sir Wemyss Reid* (CASSELL) was looked forward to, in political circles, with exceptional interest. For a quarter of a century he had established personal relations with public men that gave him insight to the working of the machinery of politics. In succession he enjoyed the confidence of Mr. W. E. FORSTER, Mr. GLADSTONE, and LORD ROSEBERRY. Beyond these he knew all who were worth knowing among lesser stars of the political firmament. A keen observer, a trained writer, it was reasonable to suppose that his memoirs, written and prepared for publication before his death, would be a valuable contribution to the history of our own time. The anticipation will doubtless be realised when the publication is completed. In the volume just issued the narrative does not extend beyond the year 1885, comprehending a comparatively humdrum epoch. It was in the following year that Mr. GLADSTONE, nailing the Home Rule flag to the Liberal ship, completed its hopeless wreckage. "For political reasons" the editor, Mr. STUART REID, brother of the memoirist, defers publication of what was written after that date. This has something of the effect of making a sort of one-horse shay of the book. Yet, regarded solely on its merits, the instalment is interesting and excellent. The struggling journalist slowly making his way in an honourable career will find much encouragement. REID began without the aid of adventitious circumstances. By sheer capacity, indomitable energy, tireless industry, he won his way to the front rank. As he tells of his own life, its early difficulties, its latest successes, he introduces many piquant portraits of public men met by the way. Amongst other things the memoirs bring into powerful light the immense strides the provincial Press has taken during the last thirty years, bringing some on a level of equality with their metropolitan contemporaries. To this end, REID, during his editorship of *The Leeds Mercury*, appreciably contributed. His familiar friends, among whom my Baronite is proud to have counted himself, will agree with LORD ROSEBERRY in recognising in him "the high example of a brave and unselfish life."

The Baron's heart mightily rejoiceth at the reappearance of good old *Gammer Grethel*, with all her familiar fairy tales. Would that the reproductions of the illustrations were more satisfactory, for are not the pictures GEORGE CRUICKSHANK'S? Assuredly so. CRUICKSHANK was never, as an artist, "a lady's man" (note his failure with *Rosebud* and *The Goose Girl*), nor ever the best kind of Fairies' man, being, in this line of business, but a poor second to DICKY DOYLE, while as to humorous and grotesque drawings he was nowhere near Sir JOHN TENNIEL, the inimitable creator of *Alice-in-Wonderland's* queer people; yet for genuine drollery there have been few who could give us such a laugh as CRUICKSHANK does with, for example, his illustration to the story of *The Jew in the Bush*. Could the idea of swift travelling be more clearly expressed than it is by CRUICKSHANK in his picture of the Prince seated on the brush of the running fox? His "Pe-wit" and his "Heads Off" are simply delicious. The Baron is aware that there are two ways of spelling this artist's name, but prefers the above, for which there is excellent authority. The full title of the book is *Gammer Grethel's Fairy Tales* (THE DE LA MORE PRESS).

For some years Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL has delighted the readers of a widely circulated weekly paper with a lay sermon. The subjects have ranged from eels to CHARLOTTE BRONTË, from spectacles to Dr. GEORGE MACDONALD, from potatoes and cabbage to GEORGE ELIOT and JANE AUSTEN. In the interim divers topics suggested by recent reading or the events of the day are dealt with in chatty, withal cultured fashion that instructs while it charms. Dr. NICOLL has made a selection

of his essays, which HODDER AND STOUGHTON publish under the title *The Day Book of Claudius Clear*. My Baronite assures those who have not come across the papers in the weekly aforesaid that the pages of *The Day Book* are well worth turning over.

A pretty little portable *Pocket Diary* for 1906 (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE) can be recommended by the Baron as practically useful, and for its quotations interesting. Get some of these by heart and you will never be at a loss when asked to write a few lines in an album.

Two volumes of *A History of Our Own Times* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) complete Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *magnum opus*. They cover the period between the Diamond Jubilee of Queen VICTORIA in 1897 and the accession of King EDWARD VII. Whilst presenting a comprehensive narrative of events closely concerning the British Empire during those dates, the volumes include a review of changes through which public life, Literature, Art, and Science, passed during the long reign of Queen VICTORIA. My Baronite notes a marked difference of style in these supplementary volumes compared with those that went before. They are much quieter in tone and colour, thereby even exceeding the quality of impartiality which marked the earlier instalments. In increasing measure Mr. MCCARTHY discloses his conviction that it is the historian's business to narrate, not to argue. The result is the presentation of a dispassionate survey of public events happening through a critical epoch in the history of the Empire and the world. The narrative, thus concluded up to recent date, will be a prized acquisition to the library not only of those who study history but of those who make it.

Mr. HALDANE MACFALL'S *Sir Henry Irving* (T. N. Foulis) is to a certain extent valuable as a contribution to our information concerning the life of the great actor whose loss we all deplore. As a frontispiece there is a satisfactory reproduction of an impressive photographic portrait of Sir HENRY, but the queer caricatures of him by Mr. GORDON CRAIG seem to be somewhat out of place.

A book entitled *The Recollections of an Eton Colleger* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.) by C. H. M. ("M. or N. as the case may be"), though utterly lacking in humour and making no pretension to literary merit, is calculated to interest Etonians generally, but particularly the majority of them, who, having been "Oppidans," i.e. residing in tutorial houses and not in College, know very little, as a rule, of the routine of life within the College walls. Strictly speaking, only the Collegers, or "Tugs," are genuine Etonians, as the Pious and Royal Founder contemplated simply a Monastic College under the rule of "Learned Benedictines," and the idea of "Tutors" and "Dames," with their profitable houses and pupils, never occurred to him. The "Tug" life is in this book minutely described by one who was "in it" from 1898 to 1902. "Oppidan" existence is mentioned incidentally. The text of the Eton Boating Song, which has obtained popularity, but was certainly unknown in the days of Dr. KEATE, Dr. HAWTRY, Dr. GOODFORD, and probably under Dr. HORNBY, is given in full. This book is worth adding to any Etonian collection that already includes *Recollections of Eton* (1870), *About Some Fellows*, and *Memories of Eton and Etonians in the Forties*.

